NOTES FROM FRANZ KAFKA'S DIARIES

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"THE LAST FRONTIER"
By Howard Fast
Reviewed by Oliver La Farge

"SODOM BY THE SEA"
By Oliver Pilat and Jo Ransom
Reviewed by Fairfax Downey

"THE UNTAMED BALKANS"
By Frederic W. L. Kovacs
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz

"FISHERMEN AT WAR"
By Leo Walmsley
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JOURNALISTS IN NAZILAND
By Edith Roper

"THE COWARD HEART"
By Anna Reiner
Reviewed by Klaus Lambrecht

"SAY, IS THIS THE U. S. A."
By Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White
Reviewed by Benjamin Appel

HOWARD FAST: From his novel, "The Last Frontier" emerges "the picture of a people; not the individual Cheyenne, but the soul and body of the tribe" . . . *(See page 5)*

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(Continued on page 19)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

From Franz Kafka's Diaries

TRANSLATED BY EDWIN MUIR

The editors present herewith hitherto-unpublished notes from Franz Kafka's diaries. They are published unedited, as translated by Mr. Muir, who has been the translator for most of Kafka's works.

MY development was a simple one. While I was still contented I wanted to be discontented and with all the resources of my era and my tradition flung myself into discontent; then I wanted to return again. So that I was always discontented, even with my contentment. Strange that pretense, if carried out systematically enough, can become reality. My spiritual downfall began with childish play, or childish make-believe. For instance, I would tense the muscles of my face and walk over graves with my arms crossed behind my head. A childish and disgusting but successful game. (The development of my writing began in the same way, though that development stopped later on, unfortunately.) If you can summon unhappiness in this way, it should be possible to summon anything. Much as my development seems to refute it, and much as the admission goes against my grain, I simply cannot allow that the first beginnings of my unhappiness were inwardly necessitated: they may have had a necessity, but not an inward one: they came upon me like a swarm of flies and would have been as easy to drive away.

WHEN I think of it, I must confess that my upbringing has done great harm to me in many ways. This accusation implicates a whole crowd of people, for instance my parents, several relations, certain visitors to our house, various authors, a particular cook who for a year conducted me to school, a great number of teachers, a school inspector, people strolling past in the street; in short, it bores like a dagger through society and no one, I insist, no one, unfortunately, can be sure that the point may not suddenly appear before him at any moment, or behind him, or at his side. I will listen to no refutation of this charge. As I have listened to so many already and as most of them got the better of me, I include these refutations in my charge and assert now that my upbringing and these refutations have done great harm to me in many ways.

IN THE last week I have had a collapse as complete as the one on that night two years ago; I can think of no other instance. Everything seemed to be over, and even today I still feel this. One can try to understand the matter in two ways, or even in both simultaneously. First: collapse, impossible to sleep, impossible to stay awake, impossible to endure life, or rather the sequence of life. The clocks do not agree; the inward one gallops on at a devilish or demoniac or at any rate inhuman pace, while the external one lumbers on as usual. What else can happen but that the two worlds must part company, and they do part company or at least tear at each other in a frightful way. The wild speed of the inward process may have various causes; the most obvious one is self-analysis which will not leave any thought to mature in peace but hunts it out, to be hunted out in turn, as soon as itself crystallises into a thought, by renewed self-analysis. Secondly: This hunt takes away the aim of humanity. The isolation which in great part has always been forced upon me, in part sought by me—yet what was that too but compulsion—is now becoming quite unequivocal and making for its end. Where is it leading? It may—that seems most probable—be leading to madness; if that is the case there is nothing to be said; the hunt will go through me and destroy me. Or again I can—I can?—even if only in a small degree, try to keep on my feet, and in that way let myself be borne on by the hunt. Where will that take me? "The hunt" is only an image; I could also call it "Assault on the last earthly frontier," and an assault from beneath too, from humanity; but I could equally well, since this also is merely an image, replace it by the image of an assault from above, down at me.

WITHOUT forbears, without marriage, without heirs, yet with a wild longing for forbears, marriage, and heirs. They all stretch out their hands to me, forbears, marriage, and heirs, but too far away for me.

THE IMAGE of denial which I encountered again and again did not say: "I do not love you," but: "You cannot love me, much as you would like; you are unhappily in love with your love for me; but your love for me does not love you." Consequently it is untrue to say that I have ever known the words, "I love you": I have known only the waiting silence which should have been broken by my "I love you": that is all I have known, nothing more.

MY FATHER and mother were playing cards; I sat near by, quite detached; my father asked me to play or at least look on; I made some excuse or other. What is the meaning of this refusal to take part which has recurred ever since my childhood? I could have shared in social, even in public life through invitations; I could have performed tolerably though not well all that was required in return; even cards would not have bored me very greatly—yet I refused. This being so, I am wrong when I complain that the stream of life has never taken me to itself, that I have never been able to get away from Prague, have never gone in for any sport or handicraft, and so on—I should probably have refused the offer, just as

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I refused the invitation to play cards. I gave admittance only to senseless things like my law studies, my work in the office, and later on to silly hobbies such as joinering and a little gardening; in taking up these I acted like a man who drives a needy beggar from his door and then, all by himself, plays the benefactor by passing a few alms from his right hand to his left.

A FEW NIGHTS later I really took part by jotting down my mother's accounts for her. But no intimacy came of it, or if there was any it was stifled under weariness and boredom and regret for wasted time. It would always have been like that. I have very, very seldom stepped out of this borderland between isolation and society; I am even more firmly settled there than in isolation itself. What a fine lively place Robinson Crusoe's island was compared with this.

AN ENDLESS dull Sunday afternoon; an afternoon devouring whole years, made up of whole years. By turns walking despairingly through the empty streets and resting on the sofa. Astonished sometimes by the almost unending senseless passing of the dull clouds. "You are reserved for a great Monday!" "Well said, but Sunday will never end."

I HAVE ALWAYS had a certain suspicion of myself. But this only happened now and then, in flashes, with long intervals between, long enough to forget about it. Besides, it was roused by trifles which other people too must have noticed without thinking anything of them: surprise at my face in the mirror, or at the reflection of the back of my head, or at seeing myself full-length, on suddenly coming upon a large mirror while walking in the street.

I WAS defenseless against that figure as she sat quietly staring down at the table. I kept circling round her with the feeling that she was strangling me. A third figure kept circling round me with the feeling that I was strangling him. A fourth kept circling round the third with the feeling that he too was being strangled. And so on to the revolution of the stars and beyond them. Everything felt the clutch at its throat.

MANY PEOPLE held that he was lazy, others that he was afraid of work. The latter were right. He was afraid of work. When he started a job he had the feeling of a man who is forced to leave his home. Not necessarily a home that he liked, but yet a familiar, known, secure place. Where will his work lead him? He feels like a shy young dog being dragged through the streets of a great city. It is not the noise that terrifies him. If he could hear the noise and distinguish the separate sounds that make it up, that would be enough to take up all his attention at once; but he does not hear it; as he is dragged through the noise he hears nothing; all he hears is a queer silence which is trying to feed upon him. And that is uncanny, that is disturbing and yet boring, that can scarcely be borne. How far will he get? Two or three steps, no more. And then, tired out with his journey, he will totter back to his home, his grey unloved home. This makes all work hateful to him.

IT HAS always been incomprehensible to me that almost anyone who can write finds it possible to objectify suffering in suffering, so that I, for example, while I am unhappy, perhaps with my head still ringing with misery, can sit down and write to someone: I am unhappy. In fact I can go farther and introduce embellishments which seem to have nothing to do with my misery, using them straightforwardly or as a foil or with a whole orchestration of associations. And this is not a lie and does not help my misery; it is simply a grace-given surplus of power at a moment when suffering has visibly exhausted all my powers and is scraping at the last walls of my being. Then what can that surplus be?

I LOVED a girl who loved me in return, yet I had to leave her.

Why?

I do not know. It was as if she were surrounded by a ring of armed men with their spears turned outwards. If I tried to approach her I ran against the spear-points, was wounded, and had to withdraw. I have suffered greatly.

Was the girl blameless? I believe she was, or rather I know it. The foregoing illustration is not a complete one: I too was surrounded by armed men, whose spears were turned inwards, that is towards me. If I tried to reach the girl I was caught first on the spears of my own spearmen and could make no progress even there. Perhaps I never reached the girl's spearmen, or if I did, I was bloody and fainting with the wounds of my own spears.

Did the girl remain alone?

No; another got through to her easily and without opposition. Exhausted with my efforts, I looked on as indifferently as if I were the air through which their faces came together in their first kiss.

THIS WEEK

Articles

FROM FRANZ KAFKA'S DIARIES
Translated by Edwin Muir 3

JOURNALISTS IN NAZILAND
By Edith Roper 9

Reviews

THE LAST FRONTIER
By Howard Fast
Reviewed by Oliver La Farge 5

SODOM BY THE SEA
By Oliver Pilat and Jo Ransom
Reviewed by Fairfax Downey 6

HISTORY OF THE TUBA
By Karl H. Durtmann
Reviewed by Gregory Fry 6

THE UNTAMED BALKANS
By Frederic W. L. Kovacs
Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz 7

FISHERMEN AT WAR
By Leo Walmsley
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt 7

A LONDON FAMILY BETWEEN THE WARS
By M. Vivian Hughes
Reviewed by Phyllis Bentley 8

SAY, IS THIS THE U. S. A.
By Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White
Reviewed by Benjamin Appel 12

THAT WAS ALDERBURY
By R. L. Duffus
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman 14

THE SOUND OF WINGS
By Arthur Goodrich
Reviewed by R. L. Nathan 14

THE COWARD HEART
By Anna Reiner
Reviewed by Klaus Lambrecht 14

PILLARS OF GOLD
By Lucile Selk Edgerton
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell 15

QUINCIE BOLLIVER
By Mary King
Reviewed by Rosemary C. Benét 15

HAWTHORNE AS EDITOR
By Arlin Turner
Reviewed by Norman H. Pearson 18

Departments

EDITORIAL 10
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 11
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 16
YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 17
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 383 19
TRADE WINDS 20

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Flight of the Cheyennes

THE LAST FRONTIER. By Howard Fast. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THIS novel is something new in Americana. At first sight one recognizes that it comes out of the healthy, increasing trend to rewrite the history of our frontier with a new honesty which has tended, first, to be reasonably truthful at last about the Indians on whose dead bodies America was founded, and more recently to perceive that the Indians, too, are a part of American society and that our treatment of them was and is a part of our democracy's success or failure. "The Last Frontier," a novelized history of the flight of the Northern Cheyennes from Oklahoma to Montana, and of the series of whippings they administered to the United States Army, does belong among these treatments of a vivid sector of our history. But by its unusual angle of presentation as well as the unusual quality of Mr. Fast's writing, it becomes something new, a book to be hailed with joy and read for pure pleasure and excitement.

Writers, including myself, who have tried to set the Indian record straight and to make people understand that several hundred thousand Americans, who will in the near future be holding the voting balance of power in at least four states, are an integral part of America, and that their history and present conditions are legitimate subjects for our interest, have unanimously written our stories and treatises from within the Indian camp. We may have made occasional sorties into the minds of government officials, army officers, ordinary citizens, but mainly we have concentrated on trying to make white readers see through the eyes of the Indians. After reading Mr. Fast's novel I begin to wonder if we weren't making a mistake.

Write a socio-economic novel about a young Georgia cracker and it will be accepted as significant in relation to the American scene. Write the same thing about a young Indian and socially conscious readers and critics will damn the book as pure escape, while escapist readers will shun it because they do not want to hear about the common problems of mankind when they take refuge among the Indians. That both the Georgia boy and the Indian are likely today to be found inside the same medium tank seems to make no difference, any more than does the number of Congressmen who keep one eye upon the Indian vote in their districts.

Mr. Fast has found one answer to this predicament. The subject of his book is, as stated, the remnant of the Cheyennes in their terrible retreat in 1878, which sounds remote enough in all conscience; but the unique narrative method brings out clearly for even the least understanding reader the place that this incident occupies in the formation of the American scene. Mr. Fast tells his story entirely through white men. Although he gathered plenty of information for his book among the Cheyennes themselves, at no time does he enter into an Indian's mind. Thus baldly stated this sounds like a serious fault. It is not.

He tells us fully, but exclusively, what the white men saw and thought. Miles, the incompetent, well-intentioned Indian Agent, Colonel Mizner, the rigid militarist, Captain Murray (the only fictitious character in the book and an excellent job), who understood and thought too much, Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz, Commander-in-Chief William Tecumseh Sherman, General Crook, Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, the riff-raff of Dodge City, the men who thought the only good Indian was a dead one, the men who struggled irritably to civilize savages whom they secretly thought incapable of advancement, the men who understood . . . Perhaps the finest characterization of all is that of Captain Wessels, not a bad man, who destroyed a hundred and fifty men, women, and children with a cold, slow cruelty we generally associate today with the Gestapo.

Through these pictures and points of view emerges the picture of a people; not the individual Cheyenne, but the soul and body of the tribe. Through incomprehension and half vision we receive understanding. In addition we learn, as we could by no other method, what these Indians meant to the United States, to the shaping of American character. Through a few characters, particularly the reporter, Jackson, and also by occasional author's intrusions which are not very fortunate, Mr. Fast puts his finger on the fact that where the servants of democracy violate its essential principles in a small matter, the way may be opened to greater violations.

This argument is weakened by subtle references to Nazism which seem anachronistic and forced, but there is real strength in the study of the effect of the Indians upon white individuals. While filing objections, I enter one against the author's claim (justifying his title) that with this incident the frontier ended. He should, for instance, read up on his Apache history, or follow a little further the career of Wyatt Earp, whom he himself mentions. He also states that the original Indian population of the United States was not over three hundred thousand, a statement which is certainly incorrect. The best estimates run from three-quarters of a million to one million; I know of no authority for his figure.

The faults are slight, nor need one stress the democratic moral of this book in urging that it be read. The point is that it is a finely written, moving, exciting story, and something quite new in the literature of our frontier.

Oliver La Farge is the author of "Laughing Boy," and "As Long As the Grass Shall Grow," with photographs by Helen M. Post.

—Mural study by Ward Lockwood, from "Art in Federal Buildings."

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Brooklyn's Big Show

SODOM BY THE SEA. AN AFFECTIONATE HISTORY OF CONEY ISLAND. By Oliver Pilat and Jo Ransom. New York: Doubleday, Doran Co. 1941. 334 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

LOT'S WIFE, 1941 model, glancing back from the subway at "Sodom by the Sea," turns to no pillar of salt. Though briny and sandy after a day on the beach at Coney Island, she feels more like a pillar of fire. Lot, too, is sunburned to a frazzle, likewise the little Lots who also are turning more than a bit bilious.

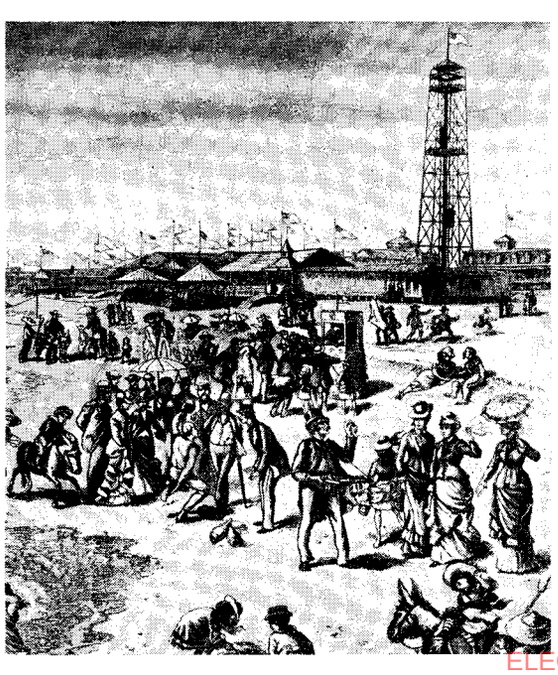
Such are the sins of modern Coney Island: overindulgence in sun, hot dogs, and ice cream. It was not always thus. Purple, rather than bright pink and green, was long the hue of transgressions at the famous resort whose chronicle this book is.

It's a good story, one worth the telling and wide circulation, for Coney is not only a New York institution but a national one. Messrs. Pilat and Ransom have put together an easy-reading narrative which shows no seams in spite of being a collaboration. With industrious research which would leave many a Ph.D. thesis at the post, these two newspapermen have collected hundreds of corking anecdotes in the saga of Coney Island, yarns of pirates and politicians—of ringside and racetrack—of ballads, beer, bathing beauties, and baby incubators—of slips and shows and waxenworks, of chowders and vice kings.

Step right up, folks. See Weber and Fields get their start as 11-year-old entertainers, and Eddie Cantor and Jimmie Durante as singing waiters. See Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell bicycling down to the beach on a three-seater, with a professional pedaler in the rear furnishing most of the motive power. See Pittsburgh Phil, the plunger, making a million on the ponies—and keeping it. Shrink from the scenes in those sinks of iniquity, the shanties of the Gut. Marvel at the thirst that consumed 10,000 kegs of lager at one inn in a single season, and the eccentricities of the Thirteen Club which insisted on thirteen tables with thirteen guests at each board, with every diner served thirteen drinks by thirteen separate waiters under a sky ultimately studded by at least thirteen moons. Watch Carrie Nation completely routed. Peep at the carryings-on in the Old Mill's dark channels and under the boardwalk. Behold the faintings and fatalities on the roller-coasters. Pity the lecturer at the baby incubators, fired because when he was asked how long it took for a trained nurse to become a wet nurse, he could not resist the temptation of replying: "That depends on how careful she is."

But enough for the ballyhoo. The big show is going on inside the covers of this book. And how it still draws on its actual locale! Ever since people could get to Coney on a 5-cent subway fare, attendance has increased until the sand "looks like an old slab of flypaper and Sunday visitors are estimated at 1,250,000." Which would be a nice sale for a book, wouldn't it, boys?

—*From the jacket of "Harper's Weekly."*



Summer Heat and the Tuba

DR. KARL H. DURTMANN'S "HISTORY OF THE TUBA". Revised Edition. Introduction by Hans vom Lubbov. New York: Litter, Rary & Hokes Co. 1941. 1376 *pp.* $10, 2 *vol.*

Reviewed by GREGORY FRY

INTO the relatively virgin domain of the relationship between music and warfare, particularly instrumental music, the name of Dr. Karl H. Durtmann stands out prominently. Few, outside the military, were able to gauge the merit of the "History of the Tuba"—that monument of true German genius—when it was first brought out in this country a decade ago.[1] Even as late as 1938, soon before the lamented death of Dr. Durtmann, when he brought up to date 20 years of arduous research and painstaking scholarship, by adding a last chapter, "The Tuba and its Role in National Defense"—even then, his name was hardly known outside the library of military strategists and musicians. Yet today, it has become one to conjure with—and is fast becoming a household word.

It can be said without further equivocation, that this is the definitive work on the Tuba, and that it justly ranks alongside of Spengler's "Decline of the West," Macauley's "History of England," Darwin's "Origin of the Species," and Kraft-Ebing's "Psychopathia-Sexualis."[2]

In simple but effective prose Herr Doktor hacks away at the debris and accumulation of ages surrounding the origin and development of the Tuba, and pieces together the jig-saw of time into a coherent account of man's ingenuity in the art of music and science of warfare. In early prehistoric times, when incessant tribal warfare was modulating into casual internecine strife, the tuba was primarily a household instrument—and as such, had several usages, principal among which was that of wooing[3]. The warrior would sit himself beside his tuba and blow lustily. His amoureuse would then know that romance called.

It is interesting to note here, Herr Doktor points out, that at this early time the shape of the tuba resembled most the shape of a serpent. Unquestionably, adds Herr Doktor, this was the influence of the Eve and Serpent Legend. He disproves the claim of Guillame of Auxerre to the invention of the tuba in 1590; and avers that Guillame, probably a soft-coal miner, unearthed an instrument that had been buried for ages—and, as was the custom, pretended to invent it.

The second use of the instrument, was, even then, a defensive one. On his hunting trip, the warrior would carry the tuba just next to his sling-shot. One could never tell when he might encounter the wily brontasaurus or deadly pterodactyl. Should he meet the former, the warrior would let loose a mighty blast on his tuba. This would startle the wily brontasaurus, who would turn his mighty tail and flee, lickety-split, through the woods.

The Hebrews,[4] asserts Herr Doktor, were indubitably the first to realize, on a modern scale, the martial utility of the tuba. This one in E flat. Though a peace-loving people, they were often called upon to defend themselves against their enemies.

And his quotation[5] is apt: "Make

1. With the notable exception of Mr. John Chambers of the *Herald*, who proclaimed its merit to an unhearing world.
2. The 2 vol. edition.
3. Ibid.
4. "History of the Jews," by Graetz.
5. Joshua. 6.

(*Continued on page* 16)

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Balkan Blitz

THE UNTAMED BALKANS. By Frederic W. L. Kovacs. New York: Modern Age Books. 1941. 248 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

TWENTY-EIGHT days of blitz in the Balkans, how it came about, what it means, and what the consequences will be, is the gripping theme of this timely book.

Frederic W. L. Kovacs, a native of Southeastern Europe, has been in most of the Balkan countries on newspaper assignments. He knows whereof he writes and he paints graphic portraits of all the countries that make up the powder keg of Europe. His heart is with the poor peasants who have seen more wars during the last fifty years than any people in the world.

Mr. Kovacs outlines the bloody history of Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, and Macedonia. Turkey is no longer a Balkan power, he thinks. He shows the underlying social and economic conditions; he tells of all the national quarrels and political rivalries among the two dozen races in that most shattered part of Europe, and he tries to clarify the motives of Soviet Russia's enigmatic foreign policy. He describes how royal dictatorships and corrupt bureaucracy in Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, and Rumania weakened the opposition to fascism there.

"The men who finally called upon the people to stand up in defense of national independence had done too little to strengthen it from within. So the collapse came with merciless rapidity."

The author is less concerned with dry economic statistics, official documents or diplomatic maneuvres than in "the storm to come and seeds of the future." He thinks that in this turbulent storm center of Europe "the idea of social revolution has nothing of the frightfulness which it has for large parts of the population in Western Europe." And also that "Southeastern Europe, overpopulated, peasant, poverty-stricken, is ripe for a great social and economic readjustment."

The Nazis, Mr. Kovacs believes, are not able to solve the Balkan question, either socially, economically, or nationally. Nor would a second attempt to organize the peasant Southeast of Europe on the lines of financial exploitation and industrialization by the Western Powers be more successful. There is, it seems to him, no solution to this problem. An agrarian revolution might perhaps be the next step in the development of events which nobody can foresee.

—From the end papers.

Yes, the old Austrian saying, "either the Balkans will become Europeanized or Europe will become Balkanized," could well be remembered today. At the moment it looks as if Europe might become Balkanized. Ruthless and glamorous comic-opera dynasties, diplomatic intrigues of men with lust for money and power like Pashitch, Stoyadinovitch, Codreanu, and Metaxas, bloody purges, prisons filled with political opponents—all these Balkan characteristics are now to be found in Western European states. Hitler and his friends, the puppet rulers of Croatia, Slovakia, and Rumania, millions of people suffering under the yoke of the Gestapo and the Ogpu men in concentration camps—this is reminiscent of old Balkan stories and methods.

Very often the story of Europe in the last fifteen years sounds like the history of the romantic brigands and notorious terrorist organizations of the "untamed Balkans"—the Serbian "Black Hand," the Croatian Ustashi, and the Macedonian IMRO. Mr. Kovacs does not fail to describe their rise and exploits in his dramatic narrative even if he does not draw the obvious parallel.

But he writes about the Balkans with verve and imagination. His book is short but highly informative and gives a clear picture of recent events. It is full of picturesque details and colorful episodes, a sort of political Baedeker of Southeastern Europe, always fresh and stimulating.

Henry B. Kranz was formerly connected with the Listening Post of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Fighting Fishermen

FISHERMEN AT WAR. By Leo Walmsley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE giant panda is not much rarer than a war book which is anything but an ill-arranged collection of snap judgments, served up in a treacly sauce of hurrah-for-the-flag patriotism. This is the giant panda—or at least one of its near relatives. The trawlers and keel-boaters on whom Mr. Walmsley reports are men he has known intimately all his life. They are not primarily interested in preserving the British Empire or demolishing the "black curse of Hitler" but in making a living, and they regard the government's laying of mines in the best fishing grounds as an unwarranted nuisance. When they enlist in the Royal Navy it may as often be from a sense of adventure or lack of any other employment as from any high standard of civic duty.

And the book about them is rare among war books of any kind in being carefully arranged, carefully organized, and carefully written. Its author lives in a Yorkshire fishing town (Whitby); he went mine-sweeping aboard a trawler, visited a station of the R.A.F. coastal command, was present at a notable rescue from a stranded vessel, and talked to lightship men and fishers who had been attacked by roving Heinkels. There is no unity in these experiences; yet he has used all the novelist's tricks to bring such a unity about, bringing characters and families in and out,

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posing them artfully against different backgrounds of experience. The book is, in short, interesting all the way through, and reads as connectedly as though the experiences had been deliberately chosen to illustrate the effect of every type of naval occasion on men who make their living from the sea.

Unfortunately, one comes to the end of it with some feeling of disappointment, some realization that after all, the whole business is a novelist's clever trick. For the emotions of the North Country fishermen in war, on his showing, vary only in intensity, never in character—in the classic phrase once used of Katherine Hepburn, running the gamut from A to B. Nobody is ever discouraged. Nobody ever blunders. Nobody is ever anything but a heart of British oak—which is to say that the whole volume stands on about the literary level of Kipling's "Fringes of the Fleet," about five miles above the average war book and about as much below any value as literature.

Leo Walmsley

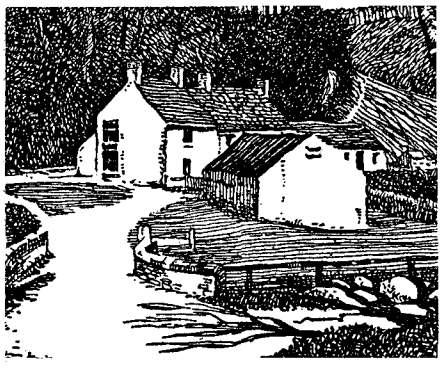
Journey between Wars

A LONDON FAMILY BETWEEN THE WARS. By M. Vivian Hughes. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 180 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

I HAVE not had the good fortune to read the previous volumes in Mrs. Hughes's delightful series of reminiscences, but perhaps in a way that omission is useful for the purposes of this review, as I am able to approach the new instalment with a mind clear of any earlier spell. Let me say at once that I fell under that spell. I can mark the precise sentence where it began to work. "After eighteen months more of happiness," writes Mrs. Hughes on her first page, "I was suddenly left a widow. *Fortunately there was very little money.*" She goes on to explain that the necessity to work kept her sane through an extremity of grief. Here, thought I, is a person with a proper sense of values; and I read on. For I believe that the value of a record of things seen lies in the eye of the beholder, and am chary of books of travel and reminiscence until I have ascertained whether the company is worth the effort of the journey.

Mrs. Hughes's English journey between the wars is a very quiet and uneventful one, agreeably but not highly diversified, like the Hertfordshire scenery amidst which it is laid. There are no political or sociological struggles, no international references. Left with three growing (and fortunately brilliant) sons to provide for, she resumed teaching as a profession, then became engaged in inspecting and examining. The freedom from a timetable which this promotion provided enabled her to take a house in the quiet little hamlet of Cuffley, miles from anywhere as the phrase goes, though within sight of the dome of St. Paul's. Neighbors are discovered, local conditions elucidated; presently another house is built; the telephone, the automobile, the radio, and the typewriter are discovered as new marvels. Mrs. Hughes continues to inspect and examine, the sons continue their mental and physical growth, dogs and friends come and go.



—From "The Landscape of England."

But this mild social landscape is perceived with such wisdom, and narrated with such wit, that it seems a singularly green and refreshing pasture. Read Mrs. Hughes on housebuilding, on religion, on reserve as a social weapon. Read how she dealt with the local *grande dame* who caught her laying the stair rug; read how a neighbor's radio blared unseasonably "Lord, have mercy on us!" simultaneously with the entrance of the fish. Read her acute analysis of the dangers of the gramophone; read, especially if you are a young teacher, her anecdotes and comments on the teaching of Scripture, history, and Latin. I have done a little myself in that line, and appreciate the very great wisdom and helpfulness of her remarks. She has a delicious gift of phrase; I liked particularly the brother who, though really very energetic, had a "magnificent laziness of demeanor which was in itself a poultice." Towards the end the valiant spirit sometimes flags and the phrases deteriorate; then suddenly the chronicle becomes small beer, the landscape undistinguished.

This quiet little record is not without its sociological implications, regarded as a picture of one section of English life between the wars. It is a very fine section to which the Hughes family belongs: the professional middle-class. People of complete integrity, sound scholarship, small income; people of absolutely reliable moral courage and, above all, of a high and individual standard of taste. I am inclined to think that the individuality of the Hughes's taste, and the ease with which they express it, are admirable characterizations of English life in the Armistice period. In England, "once establish a character for eccentricity," chuckles Mrs. Hughes, "and one can do anything." It summarizes, and I think compliments, a whole free civilization.

Retreat

By Lillian Apken

THERE will be one long moment when the bars
Are set too firmly in the granite heart—
A sagging sky with punctured holes for stars,
And pastures purple with the twilight mist,

And you and I returning to the start,
Down separate lanes of brown and amethyst,
Bewildered as though suddenly on Mars
We found ourselves, unwelcomed and unkissed,

We who, because we could not walk alone,
Chose to lie still at last beneath the wheat,
Shall find us, strangely stolen from the stone,
Treading fresh ways on independent feet,

Passing at last some clearing in some wood,
Shall see each other, small and unaware,
And, rushing forward, where each other stood,
Shall find God standing there.

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Journalists in Naziland

EDITH ROPER

(Formerly reporter for the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*)

A WELL known Berlin journalist whispered to his colleagues, "Before the sacred year 1933 I never had so much to write as I do now!"

"How do you get that way?" they asked in astonishment, "Where on earth do you find enough "harmless" subjects to write about?"

"Don't misunderstand me," he continued. "I didn't mean writing for the newspapers. I meant filling out questionnaires. Since 1933 I have been paying dues in all professional organizations; yet in 1938 I am still filling out application blanks for membership!"

If you want to become a journalist in Naziland, you must first apply to the Three Professional Organizations: The Literary Chamber of the Realm, the State Press Chamber, and the Reich Chamber for Culture. Thereupon, for the rest of your active life you are flooded with questionnaires. Just to begin with, to satisfy these Three Organizations you have to answer about nine hundred questions, to say nothing of the copies. To be sure, each organization asks roughly the same questions, but they are twisted around and altered enough to confuse the applicant and prevent his mind from getting in a groove. Or perhaps to trip him up.

Each questionnaire consists of nine pages embracing a total of 276 questions which take about a week to answer, for you must be very careful what you say. Six copies must be returned, accompanied by a detailed autobiography and documentary proof of your fabulous ARYAN blood. Such proof requires sixteen documents.

In the sum total of the questions you have unwittingly given perhaps 45 per cent incorrect statements plus 35 per cent knowingly false, the percentage varying according to your political past. With the best intentions in the world, it is difficult to answer truthfully. For example, you will be asked to what race you formerly belonged. Does this mean before 1933 when Hitler came to dominate the scene or does it refer to some previous incarnation? In addition you must jot down minute details as to what race your grandmother belonged before she was an ARYAN, what political party she belonged to, what political beliefs she now holds, dead or alive, and why she stepped in or out of the Nazi Party if she did. Just try to get through with all that without fabrication!

While all this scribbling has been going on, the figureheads in the Three Professional Organizations will have had their own difficulties and will have been replaced several times. There is a purge at least every half year, if not every time the moon changes. Then the new leaders pompously issue new membership cards and new questionnaires, and every journalist in Germany has a headache trying to remember what he said in previous questionnaires. Variation, of course, is dangerous.

But any one who can fill out questionnaires faster than they are issued can maintain his status as a journalist, or if an entrant into the field, be accepted eventually by the Three Professional Organizations as an "editor-in-training."

During the next three years he will have to learn the practical aspects of his trade. That is the least of what he must learn, for then he must go to the Reich Press School to receive his political opinions. If by this time he has not decided that it is simpler, after all to dig ditches or raise hogs, he is summoned for examination. Momentous questions will be asked. When is the birthday of der Fuehrer? What is the name of the current leader of the Association of German Women?

He'd better know for he will probably hear from her later. Having withstood the examination, the brash young man applies to the Three Professional Organizations for membership cards as a "trained editor." This looses an avalanche of more questionnaires, autobiographical sketches, certificates of character from the police, further proof of ARYAN blood, incidental recommendations from the newspapers where he received his three years training, and the sworn statements of two journalists in good standing who can, as Nazi godfathers, vouch for his political orthodoxy. Should he have become married in the meantime, the good wife must also get busy. The number of documents which the pair is expected to produce mounts to astronomical figures.

But not until every last one is duly received and scanned will it be decided whether he is to be an editor without qualification and if so whether he is to be certified as Grade A, B, or C. Apparently nobody in Germany knows what these letters signify, but with any one of them attached to his name the beginner has finally become a "legal journalist," more or less—and distinctly for the time being.

* * *

FOR real problems lie ahead. Questionnaires, after all, duly constitute a minor difficulty. The political journalist is the most fortunate. This may seem paradoxical in view of all that is said about the vagaries of Nazi politics, but as a matter of fact he has the simplest job of all. This is because opinions concerning political matters are created in the Propaganda Ministry and nowhere else. Every day the political editor goes dutifully to a press conference to receive verbal instructions. In order that there may be no misunderstanding with consequent embarrassment to all concerned, he also receives them in writing delivered in a confidential folder by a courier.

These instructions inform the subservient journalist from what standpoint he is to consider each political event, what he is to emphasize, and most important of all, what he is to keep still about. He is told how long the article should be, where it should be placed in the newspaper, what title it should have, and even what size type should be used in headlines. Even a cub could write an article according to such a specific prescription. The most timid journalist has only to follow the rules and nothing can possibly happen to him.

The second easiest life is led by the film, music, art, and theatrical critics or rather what passes for them. Do not think that since 1933 any one has been allowed to perform the function of criticism. Propaganda Minister

(*Continued on page* 17)

—*From "The New Order" by Arthur Szyk.*
Vichy Etat-Source Boche

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THE LITERATURE OF TRANSITION

FICTION has always been a guide to social change, a prophesy of the future. The more unhappy and destructive results of social adjustments; those minor revolutions in customs and in the ways of thought of a people, whether created by the hammer-blows of war or by new inventions or by the slow pressure of economics, are frequently first noted by light-hearted serials or short stories that appear in small-circulation magazines and are almost forgotten, except by the author, a month later. They are usually created by serious-minded young writers who have hitched their wagons to a star. Later, come the novels, and after a hundred ambitious failures, one emerges that blazes its way to success and becomes in itself a powerful instrument to resolve conflicting thoughts into a united force.

England is a case in point today, for literature, whether intended for the sadly reduced magazines or for the lending-library trade, is beginning to look forward into a world that is becoming different—a world, indeed, that has already broken down its most rigid barriers. Later it will blossom into a thousand books and will find another Galsworthy, or an H. G. Wells to portray it. The scene of today's fiction has moved from bomb-shocked London to the country. A million women and children from the slums, together with a few thousand delicately nurtured women from expensive flats and city mansions, have fled for refuge to small villages or country houses, great and small. At first the slums and Belgravia mix none too well. But as time and the war go on rigid barriers slowly relax; the slum child is mothered by the childless lady; its mother learns that pickles and tea are poor food for a baby. They are united in a common anxiety for the men left in the cities, or in uniform, or on the seas. They become a single household and a united fragment of an England that must win this war.

But village and country house life had been sadly out of tune with its serene past, long before the bombs began to fall on London streets. In years to come, you will find the story of the transition from a semi-feudal society recorded in novels published in 1939 and early in 1940. We will see the connection between the alarm and fright suffered from Hitler's political blitzes in Europe and the much-delayed penetration of the country's armor of indifference. We will find dramatized the attitude of the country gentleman who faces the necessity of billeting scores of residents from the East End and who gets over his ominous foretaste of a bolshevized world that would destroy the past and himself at one stroke.

Rachel Ferguson, in her witty and amusing novel brought out last year in England, "A Footman to the Peacock," writes that the village of her story, like most of rural England, "was in a rather dreadful state of transition, by which the curtsy at the lodge gates was not wholly eliminated, yet the gatered gaffer in his cottage could listen to a terrific and indigestible combination of chamber music and highly subversive speeches from Moscow."

This melancholy air of regret at the passing of something that was beautiful and old and right pervades the novels and stories of only two years ago. Their writers could not imagine, even so short a time ago, that the city throngs that were to invade the rustic retreats would startle them into new life, and make them a part again of the world. Nor could they imagine that the invasion of Norway and Denmark would settle that old political horror, "the agricultural question," by cutting off the fatal competition of cheap food from the Continent. The English farmer is now as important as the soldier. He is not only taking care of a million homeless women and children, but he is producing food that cannot be obtained elsewhere. And for all these reasons, the latest novels and stories from England at war are filled with optimism and cheerful good humor. Novelists and short-story writers may be bad prophets, though perhaps no worse than the economists, but they are the first to record in detail social revaluations. They are the historians of our day. H. S.

For a British Flyer

Katherine Garrison Chapin

FAMILIAR of the sky, you have known
The white cloud meadows, the dipping and moving
Horizon line. You have flown
Into the canopy that covers the ancient world.
Found what hangs above Olympus, what night arches over the Nile.
Where the embryo of Shelley's wild west wind is curled,
And rough going over the sharp columns of heat
That the great deserts pile.

Steady of hand, you have commanded speed,
And the heart-lifting take-off from magnetic ground.
Steady of eye and ear
You have tuned to the weather warning, and cleared
The lightning, the wing breaking ice,
The blizzards blinding,
Measured the earth wind
And shrinking space, and speed, for a delicate landing.

O reader of the elements, familiar of the sky
In its peace time beauty and terror;
Lover of the wing of light metal
Of strong feathers, the wing of the free clear mind,
Now you are plunged into fiery battle
Flying with savage skill,
Flying exhausted and blind.
Hunting and hawking, searching the wide horizon,
May the steady hand and eye stay with you
And the unwarned elements befriend you
In the hours of danger and harm.
For out of the blackness that covers the world, in the swarm
Of evil, above the green lanes,
The free halls of England, breathless we watch you
Rise, a thin wing
In the face of enormous storm!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Slow Movement"

SIR:—After reading Virginia Hamilton's "Slow Movement (1941)" in the issue of July 12 I feel I must be quite "dumb." The author's brow must be much higher than mine and in back of mine much must be missing which she has in back of hers. Some things missing in the verse seem to me to be a few periods, commas and capital letters, and I'm sure she intended them not to be where I should have placed them.

Ah well! I have had a strong suspicion for some time that I should give up trying to comprehend some of these modern versifiers and their modern verse. "Slow movement" above the ears is my trouble, no doubt,—1941 or any other year—and, in this case, it bogs down almost completely, but not quite. I seem to catch the drift but the snow is so tenuous I am unable to clearly discern it.

Not to be flippant, I am trying to deprecate what seems to be almost an *effort* in a few present day versifiers to make their thought as obscure and difficult to follow as possible. Can it be that there *is* an effort? And, if so, what can be the motive? I cannot imagine a justifiable one. You published a letter some time ago along this very line. I remember subscribing to every word of it and I'd like to see more discussion thereon. Virginia Hamilton, it seems to me, has something more or less good here, but spoiled it for most of us—or should I say for a few of us dim-wits? Please somebody tell me right out that I am a dim-wit and I shall feel better and try no more to appreciate what is beyond me.

RALPH W. HOLMES.

Winsted, Conn.

Hurray!

SIR:—For the second time in a year I have done the impossible. Yes, I made a perfect score on Howard Collins's Literary I. Q. in the July 5 issue. It gave my somewhat shattered self-respect quite a boost. Believe me, I needed it after the awful scores I made on the last two I. Q. tests.

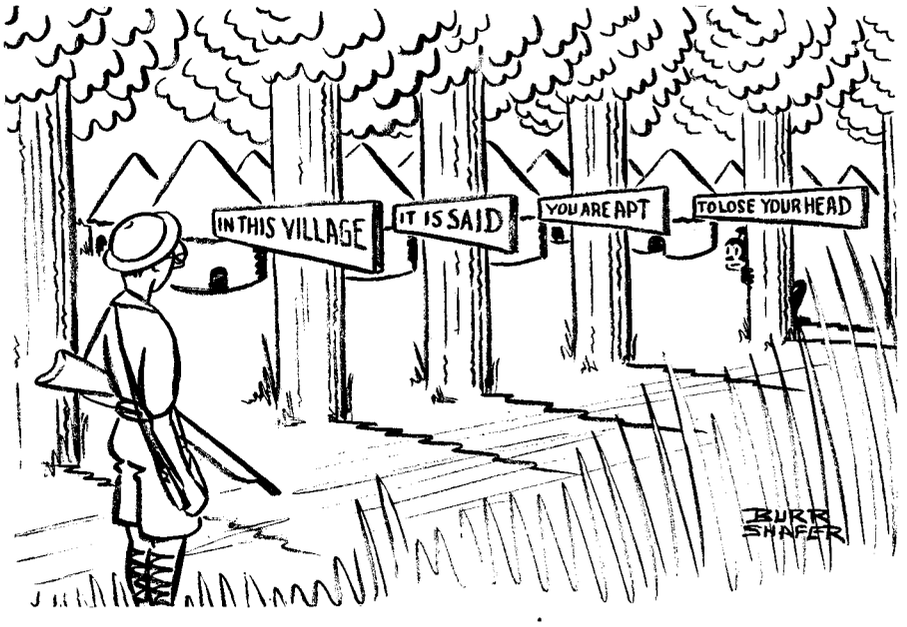
Both quizzes which I have hit for perfect scores have been about lines of poetry. Therefore, I am a strong advocate for more quizzes involving identification of poetry. But please don't run any more I. Q.'s involving play titles. They're one of my pet weaknesses.

RALPH E. PROUTY.

Columbus, Ohio

Playhouse-in-the-Hills

SIR:—The Cummington Press of Cummington, Massachusetts, a project



of the Playhouse-in-the-Hills, Inc., has just made its bow to the public with a collection of hitherto unedited, unpublished whaling letters, "Incident on the Bark Columbia," being the letters sent and received by Captain Samuel McCorkle and members of the crew of his whaler to the Captain's lifelong friend, Charles Henry Halsey of Southampton, Long Island. The letters cover the time between June, 1860 and October, 1862, some written "at sea" but most from the Island of St. Helena, with references to being at Catherine Island, in the La Plata River country, Berkley Sound and Falkland Island.

The Captain evidently owned a farm at Southampton, for the letters contain lively accounts of agricultural affairs—crops, animals, renting a much disputed parcel of land, and many matters which belonged to farm life of that day. Deaths, marriages and the health of relatives are dwelt on, and, of course, the Captain is loquacious concerning whales and the difficulty and excitement of being lucky with the irons and getting a good cargo.

The discovery of these whaling letters was made purely by accident when a descendant of Charles Henry Halsey was rummaging in an attic, recently, and they are printed, unedited and with the original spelling, punctuation and capitals.

The book of sixty-four pages is entirely handmade. The Polyphilus and Blado type has been entirely set by hand and the printing done by hand on a 100-year-old Washington press, on rag Georgian paper, using the black carbon ink, made only by C. S. Goodman of Berkley, California, using the wet method which results in the ink being more a part of the paper than something added to the top surface. The writer saw a quantity of paper being dampened between wet sheets of blotting paper and ready to go to press. The purpose of the Press is to publish valuable unpublished material, no reprints, and already material for the second book is being considered.

STELLA N. NEAL.

Springfield, Mass.

Here or There

SIR:—Referring to Literary Quiz July 5, *my* copies of *Home Thoughts from Abroad* say

> "Oh, to be in England now that April's there"

—one line instead of two, and *there* instead of *here*.

MARY O. POLLARD.

Middlebury, Vermont.

"Aux Cayes" to "O. K."

SIR:—Anent "The Evidence on "O. K." [*SRL*, July 19], my own research into the matter presents quite a case for an entirely different origin.

The best of all rums—a very important beverage in Colonial days—was Aux Cayes, from the French Islands, Martinique today.

When any Colonial planter sipped his rum and cheerfully murmured to his host—or guest—"Aux Cayes," it meant the symbol of goodness. The term was corrupted in the intervening years so that "Aux Cayes" or, more phonetically, *okay,* was the sign of anything good, or right—a go-ahead signal as it were.

ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *More reader correspondence next week on "The Evidence on 'O. K.'," by Allen Walker Read.*

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Inside a German Air-Base

I WAS A NAZI FLIER. By Gottfried Leske. Edited by Curt Riess. New York: Dial Press. 1941 351 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KURT HENRY

A GERMAN flight sergeant who bombed London, Coventry, and Birmingham kept a diary which was smuggled out of the country. Curt Reiss translated and edited this "bundle of loose sheets of paper" to give us "a real portrait of the unknown soldier, a soldier who in no sense is especially important, gifted or different from his fellow."

The book is hardly a shocking document, as Mr. Reiss thinks, but it is a unique inside-picture of life at a German air-base. It confirms what we know about the life, the ideas, and the feelings of the average Nazi pilot, and adds many details.

And still it is disturbing to read what this unintelligent young South German has to say after he had killed women and children, what he thinks about the "cowardly" English, the Italians—"the dear allies"—and the French girls, "who all have syphilis." He meets a Gestapo agent among his crew. He visits Paris and drinks champagne. He gets a furlough and sees his bride again, but he had thought it would be different—she seems not very happy and does not ask many questions. He has a love affair with a girl of the HvD (female helpers of the service who follow the army and help out with communications, the telephone, and telegraph). Then he hears that these girls are used by the High Command to solve the sex problem of the Nazi fliers. He shrugs his shoulders. It is not his business to criticize.

In December, 1940, eight months after Leske had started his diary, fire from the Flak makes the motors of his plane quit and he was in England, where he always wanted to go—a prisoner of war.

The most shocking thing one finds in this non-fiction book is the nebulous, blurred state of mind of this young soldier. War is hate, revenge, adventure to him. He never speculates about the new order of things to come. He is not fighting for any idea. He loves to follow orders even if they look stupid. His cruelty is illogical. He writes: "So they are civilians? Well, either it's war or it isn't." And: "You have got to shoot them all to pieces." But the enemy has no right to fight back. "It's a rotten, beastly business, shooting at defenseless (German) parachutists. Typically Dutch."

This young Leske uses all the bombastic and pompous slogans he reads in his army paper, although he can hardly write a single sensible sentence without adding a "May be," or "I mean." The Germans, he believes, are "unbeatable," and it is the most natural thing in the world for a soldier to want to die. This is the reason why the enemies will lose the war "which was started by them." He uses big words to convince himself that the life of a flier is more dangerous than that of all the others. "Sometimes I feel like a knight of the old days riding to a tournament. . . . We, the infantry of the air."

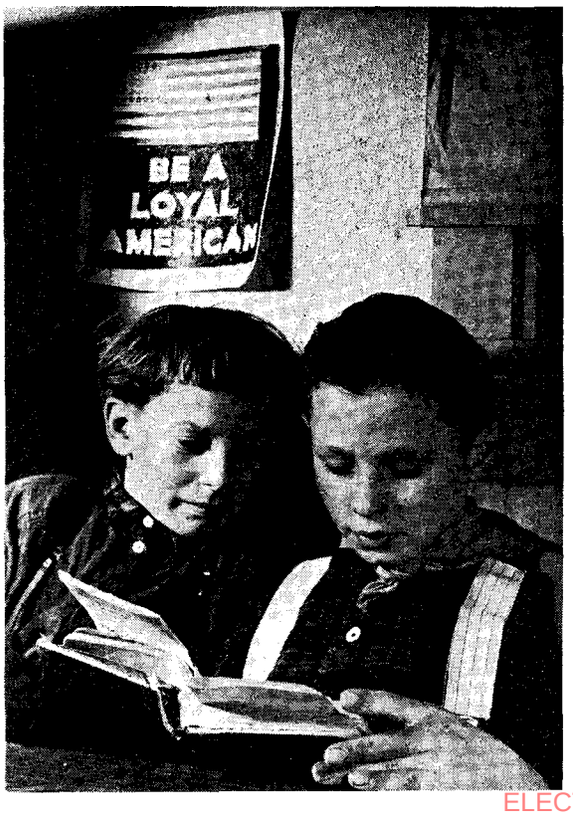
His views about America are also echoes of Dr. Goebbels's tirades. "The news from our American correspondents is always amusing. It shows perfectly what happens in a country that's ruled by Mr. Rosenfeld according to democratic principles. What those people need is a Fuehrer."

One can not help noticing a bad taste in one's mouth after having finished this book. It is depressing and saddening. But it should be read. It will be difficult to educate this generation of stupid, arrogant, fearless killers. But there is some hope. Men of this calibre, naive, cruel, and poisoned by propaganda, are not much worse than some children. There are institutions everywhere for ill-natured, malignant children—they had them even in Germany before the times of the apocalypse.

There are thousands of Leskes in the Luftwaffe. Many of them, like Leske himself—who will be surprised when he hears about this book—are now in Canada. One should show them the country of "Mr. Rosenfeld" as it really is, some day, when there is no more Fuehrer of these fearless knights.

This reviewer heard many Nazi fliers talking from Berlin over the short wave radio about their experiences and their feelings. He believes this book is genuine, although the mysterious way it was brought to us might rouse some doubts.

—From "Say, Is This the U. S. A." Bourke-White



The American Caravan

SAY, IS THIS THE U. S. A. By Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 182 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

HERE is the newest Erskine Caldwell-Margaret Bourke-White word-picture book. Well, what does the U. S. A., this vast land of copper, coal, wheat, corn, skyscrapers, shacks, autos, railroads, mean to Erskine Caldwell? He tells us on the very first page: "America today is the scene of a mighty drama, the like of which we have never before experienced." 177 pages and 86 photos later Margaret Bourke-White adds: "Our object was to give the impression and feel of America."

Between these two statements, bounded by them as the U. S. A. is bounded by the oceans, text and pictures confront us. In my opinion, the exploring collaborators have given us a good anecdotal impression of the hundred and thirty-five millions of Americans in these forty-eight states. Caldwell's stripped, honest prose presents a series of anecdotes that range from feeble whimsey about a lion, "In and Out of Cedar Rapids," to powerful vignettes as tragic as the best of his short stories, such as "The Boy in the Blizzard," which deals with the plight of a Negro boy put off a Kansas train in zero Kansas weather. Caldwell's range is considerable despite such important thematic omissions as the United States of America of the very rich, or the United States of America of industrial unionism.

The photos buttress the anecdotes, adding the dynamic documentation of American faces and Americans in action. Six fine Kansas wheat pictures show a good deal of the epic of mechanized wheat. Three Nevada gambling pictures tell another significant story; and the South Carolina Negro jail pictures yet another. Yes, "America is the scene of a mighty drama," and some of its might and some of its drama has been caught by the writer and the photographer in this good collaboration.

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American Cruise

CRUISING NORTH AMERICA. Lieut. Commander Frederic M. Gardiner. 1941. 340 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER HARRISON

THIS is the most ambitious book on cruising in North American waters that has yet been written and the only one that includes all navigable water-ways including rivers, lakes, and canals as well as the oceans, sounds, and island waterways along the vast North American coast line. Blue-water sailors, who know the winds of North Atlantic from Fundy to Florida, or the yachtsman who sails the long reaches of the Pacific from port to port may smile derisively at motor boating down canals and muddy rivers or around minor lakes that have no outlet to sea or river, but Commander Gardiner contrives to give an air of excitement and pleasure to these inland ventures. He includes a chapter on trailer cruising, or "puddle-jumping," a lately developed sport in which you moor your motor boat to a trailer and tow it behind your car with gas in the tank and dishes clattering in the galley, to land-locked lakes. Ashore you can pull up to a trailer camp and sleep aboard.

Most of the waters that Commander Gardiner sails over have been covered in individual books but a great deal of his material on river cruising is new, as well as his account of the new lakes that are stretching fingers of water behind huge dams that are being constructed. While the average collector of cruising literature is familiar with a score of books on the Eastern coast and the Great Lakes, there is invaluable material here dealing with the great system of water which carries the yachtsman inland, with only an ocean break to Florida or into the Mississippi, and on that fascinating region for the hardy sailor, from Vancouver, through British Columbia to Alaska.

The material in Commander Gardiner's book is up-to-date and makes fascinating reading. The book should also be a stimulus to yachting and therefore to small boat building, since it shows that you can be a yachtsman in almost any section of the United States—except the Rocky Mountains.

Poetry Winner

Stephen Vincent Benét, editor of the *Yale Series of Younger Poets,* has just announced that Jeremy Ingalls of Gloucester, Massachusetts, has won the 1941 competition with her manuscript entitled "The Metaphysical Sword."

BUILDING FOR DEFENSE

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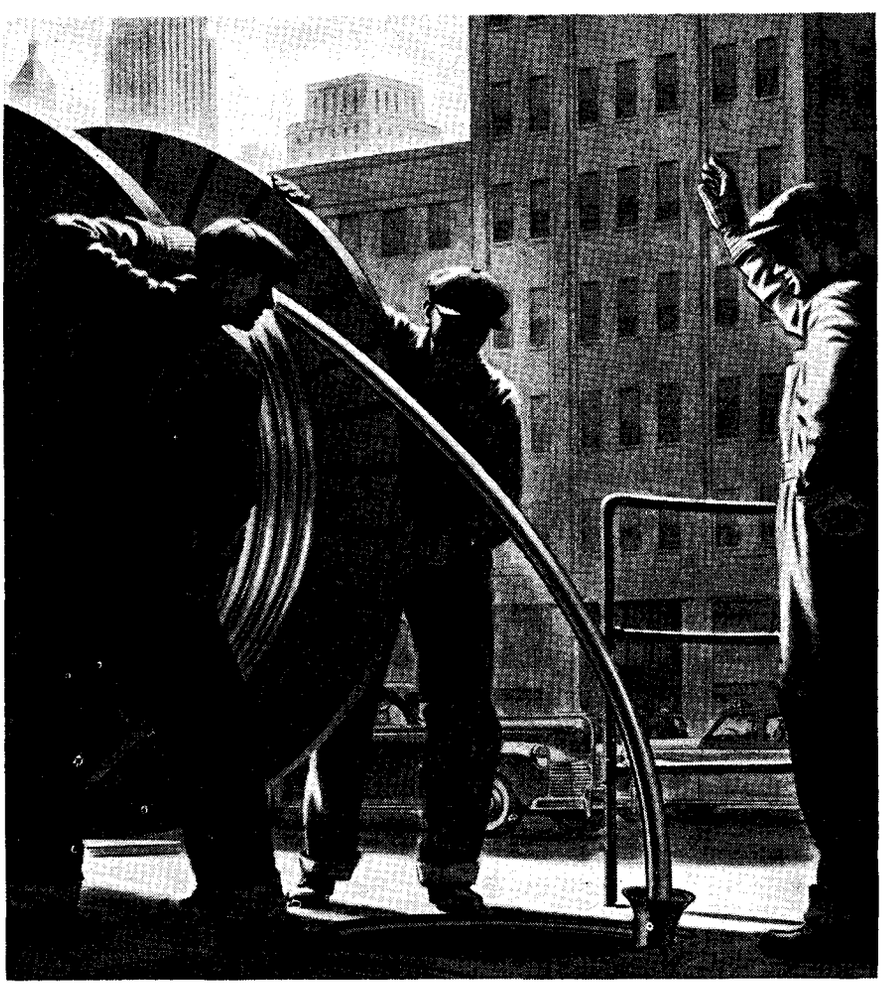

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Duffus . . .

THAT WAS ALDERBURY. By R. L. Duffus. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 327 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

ALTHOUGH there is no need to justify the existence of so pleasing a book as this one, Mr. Duffus has paused to explain its writing in a prefatory note which does carry some weight. In this day, when looking forward and all about offers only the bleakest of vision, there may be, he says, some reassurance in a backward glance. And certainly there is reassurance in his remembered Alderbury, Vermont. It is quite an ordinary town peopled by ordinary folk, and there is all the reassurance we want; for a country full of Alderbury's, thousands of them, with the people and values that made them, must have great, secret, inexhaustible veins of strength. It will appear when it is wanted. It appears here in miniature, in this nostalgic sketch. The focus is kept sharply upon the lives of four boys, their play and wanderings, their dreams, their feelings about living. Much of this is remembered out of Mr. Duffus's boyhood, some of it has literary antecedents, clearly Twain. But then, Tom and Huck had some literary antecedents, themselves. Phil Burns and his pals are in the rich traditional line, with enough first-hand reality to them to put flesh on their bones.

R. L. Duffus

Behind the four boys hover the figures of adults, Phil's parents, the new preacher and the pretty, young school-teacher, the town banker and the village druggist, and others. These, in their relationships as well as in certain crises that unfold, reveal some of the mysteries and wonders of the adult life toward which the boys are groping. The story takes on depth here, as the boys dance like beams of light against the more sombre history of their elders. Mr. Duffus has managed to mine tenderness, gaiety, and drama, as well as reassurance, out of his memories of Alderbury.

"The True History of the Conquest of Mexico," by Bernal Diaz del Castillo, has been selected to represent Mexico among the national classics which The Limited Editions Club has produced in the countries in which they were written.

Goodrich . . .

THE SOUND OF WINGS. By Arthur Goodrich. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1941. 393 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. L. NATHAN

THE wings to be heard in Mr. Goodrich's novel are not only those of planes, the building of which form an industrial background for the book. There are also the wings of an angel, and the angel is Tom Clary, the hero. Hero seems an archaic word; there aren't many to be found in modern novels. The title fits Tom Clary as though he were made for it, which he was. He carries the whole weight of the novel, and the whole responsibility of solving the problems of its times, which stretch from about 1925 to the present, from the boom years through crash and depression to the mounting world tragedy of the thirties. Parallel with these run Tom's personal dilemmas. He must raise a family of children without the aid of a wife who left him, and he must push ahead in his work, aviation, through a formidable welter of opposition, jealousy, and time-lag. All of this he does with uncompromising integrity, and purity of purpose.

If this description of him, too, sounds unwilling, it is because Tom's very faultlessness cuts him off from us. There are touches of characterization here and there that remind us of the Lincoln legend, except—except that Lincoln was a man, had shades as well as lights. Tom is without these, too whole and perfect, too fabulous. All right, then, the book is a fable of one who solved these problems that baffle men, with the authority of an angel. Would that we were angels.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 382)

WASHINGTON ALLSTON:
*TO ENGLAND**

Though ages long have passed
Since our Fathers left their home
. . . . . .
O'er travelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

*(1810).

Reiner . . .

THE COWARD HEART. By Anna Reiner. Translated from the German by Trevor and Phyllis Blewitt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 438 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

IT is unfortunate that Miss Reiner has chosen such a melodramatic story to make her book exciting when evidently she could have done without it. There is subtlety in her descriptions of life in Paris before the war; the characters who fill the background of her novel—the bohemians of yesterday in the cafés of Montparnasse, the refugees from Nazi Germany whose lives the author intimately knows—are drawn with sensitivity and have their share of human warmth. But this picture of delicate colors is somehow shattered by the melodramatic effects of the story.

The originator of the drama is a young German Communist who, after having spent a few dreadful months in a concentration camp, is mysteriously released and comes to Paris where his wife had been waiting for him. In the course of the events, involving Gestapo agents, Communists, and a French diplomatist, and resulting in two murders and an unhappy ending, it develops that he has been released only at the price of becoming an agent of the Nazis.

There is no psychological evidence of conversion; for all we can tell he is still a Communist. Despite the watchful eye of the Gestapo he could quietly have disobeyed the orders, but that, of course, would have spoiled the story. In the end, he sends one of his former comrades, the man his own wife loves, under false pretenses to Germany where he is arrested. It is a tragic story which should stir the reader, but, curiously enough, it fails to do so.

One reason for that may be that the principal character, the woman through whose eyes all the events are seen, does not seem to be alive. Though deeply involved in the drama that shapes her destiny, she moves about the story as the author does—a rather neutral observer. She knows nothing about her husband and his political activities, nothing about the man she loves. She is always on the surface of events and does not see what makes them happen. If the author had not chosen to give this one-sided view, many of the acting characters might have dropped their shadowy existence and come to life.

Even the story, coarse and artificial though it is, might have lost its motion picture qualities.

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Edgerton . . .

PILLARS OF GOLD. By Lucile Selk Edgerton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 403 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THE author of this colorful historical novel properly shares credit with her husband, who gathered voluminous notes for a history of the Arizona gold rush and of the role of the two-thousand-mile long Colorado River in the development of a rich territory. The Edgertons discovered an exciting story in the material, and "Pillars of Gold" is the result.

The main interest of their book lies in its historical background, in the epic of transportation development in a vast and hostile area of deserts, mountains, reptiles, tormenting insects, and hurtling rivers. Mrs. Edgerton knew that American genius and inventiveness have always flourished best when applied to knotty problems of transportation.

For all its tortuous intrigue and melodrama the narrative itself is incidental. The characters are almost the conventional types of the tawdrier Western fiction—intrepid hero, villainous capitalist, lovely Dresden-China heroine, Mexican spitfire with rose in hair and dagger in garter, etc. But the grueling experiences of the miners, soldiers, and steamboatmen have an epic significance. Henry Miller has asserted that America begins at the Mississippi River, and here are the men who made this America; at least here is the story of the West—melodramatic and primitive, more often darkened by hunger, thirst, disappointment, and unspeakable discomfort than drenched in color and romance. The search for gold was probably the root of much evil; it was also the root of indescribable suffering. One feels that one has supped full on horrors when one has agonized with the hero across the blistering desert—Childe Roland's sinister landscapes seem a city park alongside Mrs. Edgerton's blasted areas. Then begin famine, Stuka mosquitoes, hostile Indians, Southern raiders and maurauders, almost insuperable obstacles of transportation, etc.

The novel brings out many unfamiliar aspects of the Civil War, the backwash of which swept less lightly over the Southwest than many of us realize. Some of the incidents taken directly from the historical records have the curious irrelevancy which fact superimposed on fiction sometimes possesses. "Pillars of Gold" sets a good example for all historical novels: there is an excellent map.

King . . .

QUINCIE BOLLIVER. By Mary King. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1941. 425 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT

THE Texas oil fields make the background for "Quincie Bolliver" . . . and the background is the most interesting part of the book. Existence in an oil town evidently requires many of the sturdy virtues of the pioneers, physical strength and the ability to endure hardship.

We see life in Good Union, one particular oil town, through Quincie's observant young eyes. We get to know the boarding-house, the neighbors, their friendships, their feuds, the constant talk of oil. At the start of the story, Quincie is a skinny thirteen-year-old, used to the road and to tramping with her father, Curtin Bolliver, a mule-skinner out of a job.

> I'm Quincie Bolliver, and my daddy is the best mule-skinner in Texas, Mis'ippi, and Louisiana, and we come from I don't know where-all and sometimes we sell things and sometimes we buy things, and I never seen a mountain, just flat land or little-bitsy hills.

Quincie's talk is not always as folksy as that; sometimes she is a simple, rather pathetic child, beset by problems beyond her age. She and her father come to Good Union by chance, taking it to be a sizeable city because of its lights. But, as a friendly truck-driver enlightens them, "Half of them lights is lightning bugs and the other half is derrick lights. The rest is town lights." The derricks dominate all existence, as they overshadow the town itself. The heavy smell of crude oil lies thick upon the air. Oil sticks to the men, to their clothes. It even rims the boarding-house bathtub. As Fern Pollock, a fussy boarder who favors Lovme Talc, describes it, "Oil on the tub, oily pants on the floor, drop a match and *whoosh!*" Oil is king in that part of Texas.

Quincie's own story is a simple tale of growing up, maturing, and marrying. It might be that of any small town girl. Her step-mother, Judith Paradise, an indomitable female who runs a boarding house and becomes obsessed with the idea of finding oil, is more typical of the region. So also is Quincie's father, proud of his trade of mule-skinning, in spite of the fact that oil men, truck drivers and his shrewish wife alike regard it with scorn. Another good portrait is Nat Patch, an old timer, who reminisces about the early days in the oil fields.

This is a first novel and is one of the Houghton Mifflin Literary Award books. A definite, typically American region is well described. It will be interesting to see if Mary King's next novel sticks to Texas and to oil.

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SUMMER AND THE TUBA

(*Continued from page 6*)

thee two trumpets[6] of silver . . . (said the Lord) and if ye go to war in your land against the enemy that oppresseth you, then ye shall blow . . . with the trumpets . . . and ye shall be saved."

Delving into Greek history, Herr Doktor (he held a chair at Heidelberg) reveals for the first time[7] that Socrates[8] was descended from a long line of distinguished tubists—and was himself a tuba player of no mean ability. After haranguing the mob at the market, or engaging a Senator in a debate, it was his wont to betake himself to the hills, throw himself upon the grass, with his disciples scattered around him, and give expression to his innate grief of living by playing dolorously upon the tuba. Of this, says Dr. Durtmann, consisted the Socratic method—and nothing more.

The Romans, while chiefly famous for their contribution to the Arch, and as precursors of Messrs. Barnum & Bailey, were also responsible for returning the tuba to its significant role in the military. They found it an invaluable aid in the conquest of the western world.

During the Dark Ages, the flicker of civilization was kept aglow by the monks in the monasteries. There was never any popular revival of the tuba, as such, but the monk, after a hard day of pietistic ritual, would finish his frugal repast and take the tuba down from the shelf. In the few idle moments unrelieved by prayer, he would hungrily push the valves down and play.

The more pious of the monks, recognizing an instrument of the devil, pulled out the valves and plugged the stops with earth—and thriftly planted corn there. This habit spread. Soon however, the corn was transplanted to mother Earth, for it was observed to grow better here—and tubas again resumed their functional utility.[9]

Having once again established itself, in its historic development, as a military adjunct, it became a constant companion to an army, an expedition, a foray, a reconnaissance. The Spaniards conquered Mexico and sat on the golden throne of Montezuma, through the double forte of the tuba. Immediately after requisitioning his ships, Columbus signed on (Herr Doktor suspects they were shanghied) four tubists. Result: America.[10]

From one success to the next marched the tuba. And en route, it picked up a third valve.

The Fall of 1938 marked an eventful date in the history, not only of the tuba, but possibly of all mankind. After three years of intensive experimentation, Dr. Durtmann succeeded in adapting the tuba into a modern defense mechanism—a bomb-proof, gas-proof shelter. With food for 24 hours![11]

Six months later brought another amazing step in its development.[12] Aside from its use as an air-raid shelter, the tuba was converted (when turned right side up) into an infallible ear of the army—super-sensitively attuned to on-coming engines of enemy planes!

"There are undreamed of potentialities in this instrument," he wrote,[13] and added with almost macabre intuition, "if only I can live to work with it."

It was a great loss humanity suffered when Herr Doktor passed quietly away soon after. Fortunately for posterity, he had already put the finishing touches on the revision of his magnificent contribution to world culture—"The History of the Tuba."

Even to the end,[14] this humanitarian advocated training every soldier to be a tubist. In the coming military state, he warned,[15] it would conserve life. Even in the worst air-raids, the soldier would be utterly secure. (Just before the end, he had worked on a plan[16] to train civilians in Tuba Defense and Tuba Warfare.)

He aroused great opposition in orthodox military quarters,[17] but never gave ground.

6. See 3.
7. Herodotus suspected this, too.
8. A Greek philosopher. 432-365 B.C. Died by taking Hemlock.
9. "Droll Tales" by Balzac.
10. CF. p 2.
11. Particularly when the president permitted him to create a full division of Army Tubists.
12. "Collected Papers." Sec 23.
13. Copyright, 1938.
14. 1492.
15. Page 1139, vol. 2.
16. "Collected Papers"—a collection of Herr Doktor's papers. Sec. 14.
17. See *N. Y. Times*, Sept. 27, 1938, City Edition.

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A TRAP FOR BELLAMY *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Traitor in British war propaganda office unmasked by bibulous youngster chosen as principal goat by guilty parties.	Much drinking and pub crawling, a well managed murder, lively language and plot that keeps reader guessing until final pages.	Acceptable
THE TORN LETTER *Edwin Balmer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Trial of young chemist for N. J. "love murder" given startling turn by discoveries of suspicious country-girl juror.	Identity of criminal evident from beginning, but well handled court-room scenes and copious injections of emotion keep it alive.	Fair
I'LL EAT YOU LAST *H. C. Branson* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Elderly Senator and skittish young wife victims of elusive killer finally scotched by erudite John Bent.	Literate, logical and leisurely opus presenting an original and believable sleuth and winding up in blaze of action.	Worth reading
THE MURDER OF THE FIFTH COLUMNIST *Leslie Ford* (Scribners: $2.)	News and fifth columnists meet grisly deadlines in hectic Washington. Mrs. Grace Latham, her Col. Primrose, his Sgt. Buck confound each other; obtain results.	It's nice to see a pro work: plot with a double bounce, urbane people, skillful suspense.	A ride on silk

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JOURNALISTS IN NAZILAND

(*Continued from page* 9)

Goebbels quickly metamorphosed "critics" into "art-considerers." If the phrase sounds clumsy to you, so does it to the Germans, and indeed they lead a clumsy life. They merely relate, for example, what happens in the approved films they observe and expatiate on what happens to please them. What displeases them, of course, is discreetly not mentioned.

But there is danger even in this quiet life. Obviously they must be cautious even in selecting material to describe or to keep silent about. Consider the Olympic Games film. The cutting room could not help leaving in a shot of a Negro out-distancing ARYANS in an important race. But any mention of this would have been deemed treason against the Fuehrer, the Reich, and German Blood, and the "art-considerer" would have been marched away to a concentration camp. But if a word or two can get the dignitary into trouble so can silence in the wrong place. As the German people glimpsed the Olympic Games in their movie houses, the Fuehrer, if not an athlete, was obviously the leading figure. He appeared in almost every foot of the permitted film. Not to mention him at great length, therefore, would mean that the "art-considerer" had totally lost his sense of values. You may be quite sure that every article on the Olympic Games Film turned out to be just another article about der Fuehrer.

An interview or two with the Propaganda Ministry and the Gestapo soon puts every one hep to the fine points of the profession. You aren't allowed to be an "art-considerer" anyway until you have put aside the rashness of youth and have acquired a thoroughly mature judgment. This happens according to decree at the age of thirty.

The greatest publishing house in Germany, formerly Ullstein now Deutscher Verlag, happened to have on its staff at the time "critics" were abolished two film critics aged 28 and 29, that is, not yet well-ripened enough to be transformed into "art-considerers." In spite of desperate efforts, no suitable thirty-year-olds could be found to take their place. Frantically, as the dead line approached, the publisher petitioned the Propaganda Ministry to permit two exceptions. The Ministry indignantly declared this to be impossible. However, it sent a representative who solemnly called all the employees together. With resounding speeches and great to-do the junior critics were proclaimed hereafter to be in the sight of those present and of all men, officially thirty years old and duly accredited "art-considerers."

THE writing game is hardest for the poorly paid local reporter. No personage is designated to hand out instructions to him as to what he may or may not write, simply because no one knows in advance what is going to happen that is newsworthy, or how important it will turn out to be. So the Propaganda Ministry does not bother *in advance* of publication with details as to how a new bakery looked at its gala opening, with feature articles as to what questions are most frequently put to department store sales women, or items as to what reckless driver collided with whom. It is up to the reporter to stick out his neck and hope that the axe will not fall on it after he has had his say.

Suppose he writes a seemingly harmless story about the new bakery. The first thing he knows irate representatives of the Association of Bakers come marching along. He had belittled the honor of their profession and the honor of all Germany by causing his readers to smile at the large white caps the bakers wear. Or he wrote the article at such high speed to get it in the afternoon edition that he inadvertently omitted mention of some detail of the production process. Readers might jump to the conclusion, it is argued, that the bakers had omitted this step and were putting something over on the public. Events so far might have taken place in any country without being taken too seriously. But in Germany the complaint goes to the Ministry of Production which becomes involved with the Ministry of Propaganda, and the reporter is thoroughly in "Dutch."

Naturally he does not use his skill or his imagination creatively. The

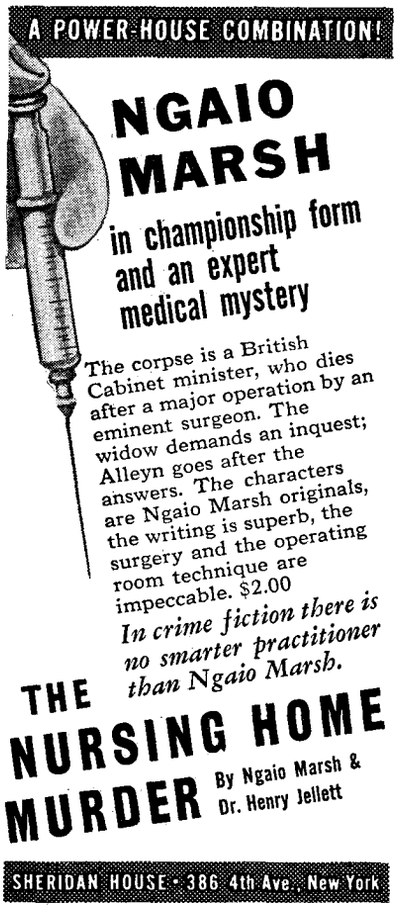
Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

NEGROES IN LITERATURE

Here are a few of the many Negro characters who have made literary history. Allow 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him. A score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. Because he refused to betray two female slaves who were attempting to escape, this kindly and pious Negro was beaten to death.
2. Two white boys took most elaborate pains to help this Negro to escape, although he was already legally free.
3. Night after night he told humorous fables about animal characters to a little white boy.
4. This little colored boy, who was tongue-tied, had a brother who was minus a finger, a sister with a goiter, and a father who had been in jail.
5. This ancient Nashville hack-driver, who was descended from royalty, murdered his mistress's drunken husband because the latter was continually squandering what few dollars they had.
6. Once a porter on an American railroad, he became the ruler of a tribe of West Indian Negroes.
7. Besides being the leading social light of the colored populace in Birmingham, Alabama, he is also a wizard at pool and African golf.
8. A cripple, he earned his livelihood by begging in Catfish Row.
9. Dying of tuberculosis while enroute from Bombay to London, the emotions of this Negro sailor upset the entire crew.
10. Circumstances beyond his control caused this young Negro to murder the daughter of a white family by whom he had just been employed as a chauffeur.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constant uncertainty stultifies his effort and partially accounts for the monotony and staggering dullness of even unpolitical columns of German newspapers. Suppose the reporter lets himself go on the topic, "What Customer Ask a Saleswoman." The Association of German Women will turn its myriad eyes upon him to see that the questions he attributes to the customers do not insult German womanhood, that they are intelligent and patriotic, and that no one, unless a Jewess, is credited with a fool remark. The German Bureau for Style will be careful to see that he omits all mention of Paris unless to point out the superior elegance of the German product.

There are a hundred little ways, not to be discerned in advance, by which the reporter may go wrong. On the other hand, if he guesses right on some little item he may find his words quoted all over Germany and praise will pour in from all ministries (for a while). Nobody dares take a chance on that. It is good fortune enough if nobody complains. That will depend on whether his article happens to be read by one of the hundred organizations that deal directly or indirectly with the matter at hand. If it comes to their notice, it is easy enough for them to find something wrong. In no case does the reporter know ahead of time what organization will misunderstand what detail in his report, or what article will be his last.

Suppose he says in agreement with all witnesses that an automobile accident was entirely the fault of the driver. But when the latter returns to consciousness he identifies himself as one of the countless insignificant party leaders and brings party pressure to bear on the newspaper. In the next issue the reporter "corrects" his story and points out that the man was not driving recklessly; his brakes failed him. The following day a representative of the Reich Ministry of Economics storms into the office insisting that the correction is incredible. Is every German to be led to believe that brakes made out of "ersatz" material which the Fuehrer himself has approved, are unreliable in emergencies? Such an idea amounts to treason!

As a result, warnings come from the Three Professional Organizations with questionnaires as to how this false report came to be made. Several such warnings mean that the journalist is slated for ignominious expulsion from the Three Professional Organizations for "unreliable reporting." Without his membership cards his career is ended. There is nothing left for him to do but to become a parachute jumper for the glory of the Third Reich.

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ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Tom, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.
2. Jim, in "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain.
3. "Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris.
4. Verman, in "Penrod," by Booth Tarkington.
5. Uncle Caesar, in "A Municipal Report," by O. Henry.
6. Brutus Jones, in "The Emperor Jones," by Eugene O'Neill.
7. "Florian Slappey," in stories by Octavus Roy Cohen.
8. "Porgy," by DuBose Heyward.
9. James Wait, in "The Nigger of the Narcissus," by Joseph Conrad.
10. Bigger Thompson, in "Native Son," by Richard Wright.

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Anonymous Editor

HAWTHORNE AS EDITOR. Selections from His Writings in The American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. By Arlin Turner. University, Louisiana: Louisiana State University Press. 1941. 390 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON

ALMOST nothing in the six issues of *The American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge,* from March to September, 1836, would be worth re-reading today if its authorship were unknown. But Nathaniel Hawthorne was the anonymous editor and chief contributor. Consequently almost everything in the issues of his editorship is worth re-reading by some one. Not by every one, but chiefly by one who is curious about the full story of Hawthorne's career as writer, by one who enjoys early intimations of the Hawthornesque, and perhaps also by one who may find hope for his own mediocre writing in the example of this early chapter in Hawthorne's literary rise from rags to riches. Arlin Turner's fine, scholarly *Hawthorne as Editor* is a selection from Hawthorne's contributions to the *American Magazine.* Its readers will find their attention focussed somewhere between it and the later masterpieces by the same author.

Hawthorne got small profit and enjoyment out of his editorship. His salary was to have been only $500 a year, and he drew but little of it. His publishers he called a "damned sneaking lot," even before the first issue was out. Hawthorne's chief duty was to provide fillers and reading matter to go with whatever illustrations his publishers chose to give him. He begged his sister: "Concoct—concoct—concoct." "In regard to ordinary biographical subjects, my way is to take some old magazine and make an abstract—you can't think how easy it is." Easy or not, his concoction was costly tripe and water. It is consoling to find Hawthorne stating in a review: "We know of no recent work, which we can so conscientiously recommend,"—this of a book which he admits, in a letter, he has never read. Hawthorne as an editor is an illustration of the "practical" author.

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(Continued from page 2)

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By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-V	2-N	3-E	4-H		5-M	6-S	7-W		8-Y	9-X	10-B	11-L	12-O	13-I	14-U	15-J
	16-Y	17-W	18-K	19-D	20-R	21-Q		22-B	23-C		24-K	25-Y	26-S	27-P	28-O	29-R
30-F		31-H	32-V	33-B	34-G	35-A	36-S		37-G	38-C	39-W		40-T	41-F	42-M	43-W
	44-R	45-N	46-P	47-F		48-C	49-N		50-F	51-P		52-Y	53-M	54-F	55-N	56-T
	57-T	58-Q		59-P	60-Q	61-C		62-O	63-K	64-V	65-U	66-M	67-A		68-U	69-F
70-O	71-B		72-Y	73-F	74-I	75-W		76-V	77-Q	78-I		79-X	80-A	81-L	82-R	83-F
84-M	85-G		86-B	87-W	88-I		89-Y	90-W	91-H		92-V	93-Q	94-T	95-B	96-E	
97-E	98-C	99-G		100-O	101-H	102-W	103-Y	104-Q		105-O	106-H	107-Q	108-S	109-I	110-J	111-X
	112-M	113-J	114-H	115-Q		116-D	117-Y	118-B	119-A	120-P		121-G	122-N	123-J		124-O
125-R	126-S	127-F	128-T		129-E	130-D		131-K	132-Q	133-E	134-S		135-K	136-W	137-X	138-C
	139-S	140-T		141-H	142-F	143-G		144-N	145-X	146-L	147-G	148-O	149-V	150-M	151-U	
152-H	153-S	154-Q	155-D		156-J	157-E	158-C		159-R	160-M	161-T	162-N	163-X		164-D	165-J
166-A	167-F		168-M	169-K	170-T		171-A	172-U	173-O	174-G	175-B	176-L		177-K	178-V	179-L
180-E		181-K	182-U	183-R	184-J	185-N										

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Scottish marmalade centre.
B. Narrow or undiversified (comp.)
C. German historian (1776-1831).
D. Abstracted, dreamy (colloq.)
E. Russian novelist (1791-1859).
F. Whatever the weather (colloq. 3 wds.)
G. Subtle or abstract distinction.
H. Into motion from a standstill.
I. Keeper of the Apples of Youth (Norse).
J. Affording shelter.
K. Hodgepodge.
L. Tidal flood or flow.
M. Eastern state (U. S.)
N. Keep at distance by force or craft (2 wds.)
O. Passed through or experienced.
P. Skip or leap (music) (Ital.)
Q. River of fire in Hades.
R. Approximately; without finish.
S. Accepting conservative views (esp. in religion, 2 wds.)
T. Child's hiding game.
U. Vent, exit.
V. One of the Lake poets (1774-1840).
W. Having an end or purpose in and not apart from itself.
X. Leader of the German Reformation.
Y. Person or thing hidden or packed away.

WORDS

A.	171	166	35	67	80	119					
B.	22	175	71	10	33	95	86	118			
C.	98	48	61	138	158	38	23				
D.	116	130	19	155	164						
E.	97	180	129	133	96	157	3				
F.	167	41	69	83	142	47	50	73	54	127	30
G.	147	143	174	99	85	34	37	121			
H.	91	106	31	4	101	152	114	141			
I.	109	13	78	88	74						
J.	110	113	184	165	123	15	156				
K.	24	181	169	177	135	18	63	131			
L.	140	81	176	179	11						
M.	150	66	112	168	84	53	42	160	5		
N.	185	55	2	162	45	122	49	144			
O.	148	70	62	105	173	100	28	12	124		
P.	120	46	27	59	51						
Q.	93	60	21	154	107	104	115	132	77	58	
R.	82	20	183	29	125	159	44				
S.	6	26	139	108	126	36	153	134			
T.	40	56	94	128	161	170	57	140			
U.	182	172	65	68	14	151					
V.	92	178	32	64	1	149	76				
W.	87	7	75	90	43	39	136	102	17		
X.	79	137	9	111	163	145					
Y.	16	103	25	52	8	72	117	89			

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The Biography of a Best Seller

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat

By ISABEL SCOTT RORICK

1939

Feb. One of our editors ran across an account of the misadventures of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Cugat, appearing in the Junior League Magazine. He wrote the author and asked for more.

1940

Feb. 12 Some chapters of the novel come in

Feb. 23 1st reader's report favorable

Apr 13 "Uncontrollably funny chapters" — 2nd reader's report

Apr. 16 Publication decided on although manuscript is still incomplete

Aug. 23 1st printing is ordered and an advertising campaign worked out

Oct. 22 1st printing sells out promptly; a second is needed

Nov 20 2nd printing has disappeared as quickly. A larger printing is ordered. A 2nd advertising appropriation is made

Nov. 24 MR. AND MRS. CUGAT appears on the best seller list — 15th place

Dec. 8 The Cugats retire, but only briefly, from best seller list

Dec. 10 3rd printing disappears; an additional lot is rushed through

1941

Jan. 4 Stock is needed for the New Year. A new campaign is decided on

Jan. 12 Back on best seller list in 13th place

Jan. 19 Off again

Jan. 26 Back in 15th place

Feb. 18 Rising on the best seller list. 6th big printing ordered

Mar. 5 7th big printing Reorders coming in from all over the country

Mar 16 Continues up on best seller list

May 13 8th large printing

June 8 In 6th place on best seller list, 9 months after publication

June 15 More bookstores report MR. AND MRS. CUGAT than ever before

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1st Peanut eater: They have a uniquely herculean myriorama presentation at the Rivoli tonight.

2nd Peanut eater: Indeed? Shall we ambulate there?

★ ★

☞Hard upon our remarks about the fine appearance of many university press books comes another example to reinforce our opinion, a Johns Hopkins Press edition of Dyer's "Grongar Hill," edited with notes by Richard C. Boys. It is interesting to see how tasteful make-up and typography can enliven a poem which has suffered from the patronizing courtesy due an anthology piece. The literary as well as the textual history is agreeably presented, and the book carries as frontispiece a view of Grongar Hill from the 1761 edition of Dyer's poems.

★ ★

☞Remember this: "Our Common Mooring," by Ellis F. Hartford is one of the important books of the year and you'll hear little about it unless you write to the publishers, the University of Georgia Press, Athens, Ga. And thereby hangs the irony. ☞"Our Common Moorings" was prepared for the Advisory Panel on Regional Materials of Instruction for the Tennessee Valley under the chairmanship of Walter D. Cocking. Mr. Cocking, as our readers know, was removed as Dean of the College of Education, University of Georgia, recently, for standing up for the simple democratic right of advocating equality for all races. Governor Talmadge did the firing. ☞The book is brilliant in its eloquence and presentation of the basic ideas of Harcourt A. Morgan, chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Its two main concepts are: (1) the need for southern agriculture to observe the fundamental natural relationship among minerals, plants, and animals through a program of balanced farming; (2) the desirability of a decentralized industrial development dispersed throughout an agriculture economy as a balancing factor. ☞We do not know what Governor Talmadge thinks of this book, but "Our Common Mooring" is a formidable weapon and a monument of democracy.

★ ★

☞Followers of Thoreau have recently formed an organization called the Thoreauans to commemorate the teachings and writings of the nineteenth-century Transcendentalist. The meeting was held at Concord, Mass., the home town of the famous author, with Dr. Raymond Adams of the University of North Carolina, Rev. Roland D. Sawyer of Ware, Mass., Mr. Allen French of Concord, Mass., and Mr. Walter Harding, of Bridgewater, Mass. acting as a committee of action and arrangements. This initial meeting promises to be an annual event and a program and policy is undergoing discussion. People from all the New England states attended this first meeting; others came from as far West as Illinois while still others came from Virginia and North Carolina.

★ ★

☞The growth of creative writing in America is manifest by the numerous Summer writing sessions now held throughout the country. A fair number of these seminars or schools are held in the West and a rich, fruitful regional literature has come into being. We especially commend the Caxton Press, Des Moines, Iowa, who have been publishing, as a commercial venture, much of this material. Collectors of Americana should keep in touch with the catalogues issued from time to time from this press.

★ ★

☞The Summer School for Writers of the Oregon State System of Higher Education recently ended its nine-day session. Each day's program dealt with a specific subject of creative writing. Each day also produced a mimeographed eight-page paper dealing with the subject of the day and issued by the students and instructors. The opening discussion concerned Invention, with Characters, Super-Production, Style, Age for Love, Variety in Exposition, Purple Passages, Habits of Work, and a general report following in subsequent order.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

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